

## JOYS OF COUNTRY LIFE.

Mr. and Mrs. Bowser's Visit to a Genuine Rural Summer Resort.

"I think we had better go away for a couple of weeks," observed Mr. Bowser a few evenings since as we sat on the steps.

"But why? Our house is nice and cool, and we don't seem to feel the need of a change."

"Oh, we don't, eh? That shows all you know about it! If you had half an eye you could see that baby is suffering for a change. You are looking like a saffron-bag around your mouth, and I am just dragged out myself. We shall go to the country."

"But our rooms are so cool, and we can buy whatever we want to eat."

"Cool rooms! You wait until you strike a country bed-room and you will call this house a sweat-box! As for living—yum! yum! Think of cream, fresh eggs, yellow butter, fresh berries, old-fashioned biscuit, delicious coffee, night breezes, new-mown hay, ripe cherries, et al!"

I supposed we should have a week at least in which to get ready, but Mr. Bowser only gave me a day and a half, and he even begrudged half a day of that. He telegraphed to the landlord of a country hotel on the banks of a small lake, and the most I could do was to tumble about a bushel of things into a trunk and tie on my bonnet. We got out there by train. That is, we got within six miles of the place. Mr. Bowser had been in such a hurry that he didn't ascertain particulars. It was only after he had bargained with a teamster to take us to the lake for three dollars that he found that the lake was not on the railroad. He looked a little gloomy over it for a spell, but finally showed me his nine-dollar fishing outfit, and after awhile forgot any unpleasantness in viewing the country.

We saw a farmer cutting wheat.

We saw three crows.

We rode over three miles of capseway and three of dust.

We saw as many as five barns.

We met a barefooted boy.

We saw a dead horse.

If we met or saw any thing else I can't remember what it was. Mr. Bowser drew in deep draughts of what he called the elixir of life, and quoted poetry about the plow-boy and the lowing kine, but I guess he was glad when the ride ended. The sun had burned the back of his neck as red as fire, he was all dust and dirt, and the causeways had tired him out. We found the hotel a very picturesque affair. It was half log and half frame. I can't say whether it was Queen Anne or Tom Collins style, but it was probably one or the other. The landlord had given us a room in the log part. He knew that we sighed for the picturesque, and he was willing we should have it. It was a room as much as eight feet long and five feet wide. There were red peppers and may weed and seed corn and onions hanging to the rafters, and the great cracks in the floor were partly hidden by a rag carpet. There was a cracked looking-glass of the Noah's Ark period, a bedstead which had come over on the Mayflower and a rheumatic old stand made in 1776 held up a tin wash-dish and a blue pitcher without a handle.

"Is this the elixir, Mr. Bowser?" I asked as I dropped into the only chair with baby and looked around.

"Do you want the elixir?" he roared back. "What do we come to the country for? Do we expect to find palaces out here? I tell you, this is the most picturesque, romantic spot I've seen in twenty years, and I propose to put in two months here!"

I finally got baby to sleep, made my toilet and then went out with Mr. Bowser to view the neighborhood.

There was a lake.

It was almost forty rods long, and almost twenty rods wide.

There were a post-office and a blacksmith shop.

There were two hay-stacks, a ruined saw-mill and a lame horse.

That was all, and I returned to the hotel while Mr. Bowser went fishing.

We had supper at six o'clock. The landlady rang three bells. The first was to notify us that we could expect supper; the second was that supper was being prepared; the third that supper was ready. Between the different bells Mr. Bowser picked the burrs off his pantaloons, rubbed some ointment on his neck, and said to me:

"We all feel the change already. I haven't seen you and baby look so well in six months, while I have the appetite of a horse. I think we'll put in three months here."

When we went in to supper we found knives and forks without handles, cracked plates and a table cloth with seven holes liberally and artistically distributed throughout its length and breadth. The tea might have been sage, or it might have been catnip. The biscuits were yellow with saleratus. The butter was white in the face and tasted of the last generation. There were some fried eggs, but they had seared a setting hen off the nest to get them. The milk in the pitcher had turned. It probably belonged to the Turner society. Mr. Bowser tried to stuff himself in order to carry his point, but it was no use. He might have restrained himself until morning had I not said as we returned to the bedroom:

"As for living, yum! yum! Think of cream, fresh eggs, yel—"

"Yes, think of it!" he roared. "Who got me out here! Who was winning about the pure air of the country—finding fault with our table—complaining of our 14x18 bed-room! You've succeeded in dragging us out here, and now I hope you feel better!"

We sat on the veranda and fought mosquitoes until ten o'clock and then

went to bed. It was a bedstead with a cord in it, and it was a straw bed on which we slept. There wasn't a mosquito bar at any door or window in the house and we were hardly in bed before the pests pitched on us. Seven different times before midnight did Mr. Bowser get out of bed, light the tallow dip and attack the enemy. He was getting out for the eighth time when the cord broke and we all went through to the floor. Then we got up and sat up the rest of the night, catching cat-naps between the bites. We might not have known when day broke, except for the kindly interest taken in us by a stray hog. The beast crept under the house, and the space was so small that he lifted the boards under our feet with his back. When we felt the boards lift we knew that another day had dawned upon the picturesque locality.

We left the hotel before breakfast and were home to dinner. Mr. Bowser seemed very much occupied with his thoughts on the way home, and when we finally entered the house he turned on me and said:

"Mrs. Bowser, I'm a man who can bear a good deal before losing my temper, but I want to give you fair warning right here and now that I want no more of your nonsense! The next time you mention country to me—the next time you drag me into another excursion of this kind—I shall be justified in—in—"

And he kicked the trunk, pitched his fishing tackle into the back yard, and went out to get some cold cream for his blisters, burns and bites.—*Detroit Free Press.*

## GROWING CORK-OAKS.

A California Industry Which Will Soon Prove to Be Remunerative.

The growth of cork-oak in California is not a matter of experiment; its success was demonstrated long ago. The distribution of cork oaks by the Patent Office about twenty-five years ago may not have accomplished much in other parts of the country, but it gave us a start, and there are now trees yielding cork and bearing acorns at a number of different places in the State. There are trees growing on Mr. Richardson's place at San Gabriel. There were samples of cork and acorns shown at the Sacramento Citrus Fair by H. A. Messenger, of Calaveras County. There are trees of similar age in Sonoma, Santa Barbara and Tulare, and perhaps other counties. The State University is growing seedlings from California cork oaks, and will be likely to have the trees for distribution next year. There is no doubt about the adaptation of the tree to the State as the widely separated places named above all furnish proper conditions for its growth. It is of course a crop of which one has to wait some time to gather, and therefore needs patience in the planter.

All the cork-wood of commerce comes from the Spanish Peninsula, where the trees abound, not only in cultivated forests, but also grow wild on the mountains. The tree is like an American oak, with leaves similar to the oak, and acorns. It takes ten years for the bark to become a proper thickness to be manufactured into bottle-stoppers, life-preservers and seine-corks. When stripped from the tree it is to be boiled for two hours, cured in the sun for a week and pressed into flat pieces for baling and shipping. The denuded trunk, like a hen robbed of her eggs, does not sulk and quit the business, but throws out a fresh covering for a fresh spoliation. One tree has been known to yield half a ton of cork-wood. One pound of cork can be manufactured into 144 champagne corks. The baled cork bark is sold to cork manufacturing centers. The most extensive manufactory in America is at Pittsburgh. Besides the ordinary demands for cork bark, a good supply of the buoyant material, after being burned to make it still lighter than the original bark, is shipped to Canada and New England, where it is made into seine-corks. The average annual importation of cork-wood into this country, entirely at the port of New York, is 70,000 bales a year. A bale weighs 160 pounds and is worth on this side of the water \$20, making a total value of the importation of \$1,400,000. It comes in duty free.—*Pacific Rural Press.*

A Western clergyman, whose salary had not been paid for several months, told the trustees of his church that he must have his money, as his family were suffering for the necessities of life. "Money!" exclaimed one of the trustees noted for his stinginess—"money! Do you preach for money? I thought you preached for the good of souls!" The minister replied: "So I do; but I can't eat souls. And if I could, it would take a thousand such as yours to make a meal."—*N. Y. Ledger.*

Farmer Hoprake (to departing guest)—"Had a good time, I hope?" Guest—"Well—er—hardly. The mosquitoes nearly killed me." "That's all right. You come around next summer and I'll fix you comfortable." "Going to get rid of them?" "Yes. I'll fatten 'em and serve 'em up for quail."—*Philadelphia Call.*

Smith—"Here the editor of that villainous *Squiblet* says that I am a thief and a bribe-taker. What shall I do?" Jones—"Do? Why, make him prove it." Smith—"Oh, that would be too easy. I want to cause the fellow some inconvenience, if possible."—*Omaha Herald.*

The historic walnut tree at the top of the Devil's Den, on the battlefield of Gettysburg, was blown down not long ago.

## INVESTIGATE TUTTLE.

Why His Record Should Be Officially Scrutinized by the Grand Army.

General John M. Tuttle, Commander of the Iowa Department of the Grand Army of the Republic, but a few weeks ago electrified the country with an attack upon the President of the United States. He accused the Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy of this Republic with a woeful lack of patriotism. He called down wrath of the entire G. A. R. organization upon the President and declared that no patriot like himself could, in self-respect, permit that order to be reviewed by a President whom he charged with a lack of appreciation of the soldiers. The Republican press had suddenly found an issue and the President's letter declining to visit St. Louis which was couched in charitable and forgiving terms was the occasion of a remarkable display of sectional hate. In their avidity to abuse the President and their continued charges of treason upon him, they found a solid sentiment among the people that did not encourage their shrieks of "war" and epithets against what they termed "unhinged rebels." But this man Tuttle proved to be a dangerous piece of fire-works with which to illumine their last display of the "bloody shirt." For a week or two Republicans devoted display heads and double leads to Tuttle. He was a bigger man than Grant. He was the idol of his heart and the boast of their patriotism. But, alas, Tuttle had been heard of before. He had a record. Gradually as this record began to appear in the independent newspapers, the Republican papers put his name in smaller type. They came down from black four line pica to nonpareil, and at last the tail of their comet was feebly seen in pearl and brilliant until the proof against him became so overwhelming that for the past two weeks they have boycotted his name entirely. This is ungrateful, unkind, detestable. It has been a long time since they have struck such a "find" as Tuttle. His splendor, though meteoric, was dashing and intrepid. He led a charge of frothing fire against the Administration. He made things red hot. He stirred up the camp followers and opened the eyes of the bums who exist by preying upon the Treasury as pension claim agents. But the Republicans have been chilled in their appreciation of Tuttle. They may hanker after him as much as they did, but they conceal it if they do. Why do they not rush to his defense and demand an investigation? Three serious charges have been made against him. His successor in the post of Commander of the Department of Natchez has accused him of the theft of a landau, and plainly charged and proved that he was guilty of an immoral partnership with a treasury agent for purposes of unlawful speculation in cotton. His accuser is an equally distinguished ex-officer and a member of the Grand Army of the Republic. The latest chapter in Tuttle's record is a transcript from the records of the circuit court in Madison, La., showing that Tuttle pleaded the statute of limitations in a suit brought against him in 1876, by a firm named Rickey & Co., who carried on the hotel, restaurant and liquor business in Natchez, Miss., in 1864, when Tuttle was in command there. He made them pay him \$2,500 for a permission to do business in Natchez. They sought to recover from him on the ground of blackmail in 1876. Tuttle did not deny the charge, but declared that the lapse of time barred any action in the case. This is a fine record for the man who got up such a mock sentiment that gave the Republican papers a spasm of patriotism—a man who is shown to be a thief, a blackmailer, a confederator, who pleads the statute of limitations upon being charged with his numerous crimes. It is the duty of the G. A. R. of Iowa, as well as each individual member of that organization in this country, to demand an investigation into the charges against Tuttle, which are confirmed by official documents on file at Washington. Let there be a G. A. R. court of inquiry in the case of Tuttle, and if possible, rid that organization from such characters that bring upon it reproach and shame. His case should be brought up under the head of the "good of the order" in every post in the country.—*Albany (N. Y.) Argus.*

## REPUBLICAN COLLAPSE.

The Pittiable Condition of the Bloody Shirt and Falsky Party.

The Toledo convention made a bad start for the Republican party in respect to the campaign of 1888 on account of the weakness of its platform and the exhibition of a desperate anxiety on the part of Senator Sherman to put himself forward as an aspirant for the Republican nomination for the Presidency. The principal business of the convention seemed to be the formulation of a resolution under which to set forth and enunciate the Sherman claim to the nomination in the name of the Republican party in Ohio. The indefatigable Senator was on the spot, drilling his partisans like a very Saurwurm on the eve of battle, and he succeeded in pushing the resolution through, notwithstanding the dogged opposition of Blaine men, who remained steadfast to the fortunes of their absent chief and sat grimly and suggestively impassive amid the cheers and the rejoicings of the not very decisive Sherman majority.

This is in marked contrast with the harmonious sentiment and action of the Democratic convention at Cleveland, that, with simple earnestness and unanimity, indorsed the general policy and conduct of President Cleveland's

Administration. But in paying this tribute to the present Democratic President, the Cleveland convention did not neglect its obligation to make a plain statement of principles and political purpose, so that the people might make a fair estimate of their fidelity to the doctrines of the party and the demands of the Nation upon its central government. At Toledo, they seem to have considered it about sufficient to sound the praises of John Sherman and make a parade of his pretensions to the Presidency. What they had to say about questions of National importance was so flimsy and indefinite as to produce the effect of having been introduced as a mere prelude to the resolution elaborately phrased to make a Sherman boom. The only thing that was strong and earnest about the Toledo convention was its enthusiastic renomination of Governor Foraker, and, no doubt, there will be a lively contest between him and the comparatively young and vigorous gubernatorial candidate of the Democracy.

But what have the Republican State conventions to proclaim in the matter of principle relating to National affairs? There is not one point of vantage that they hold in present politics by virtue of their antecedents or their record. After a quarter of a century of supremacy in central government, they have left to a Democratic Administration the task of saving the public lands from the clutch of speculators, railroad corporations and foreign syndicates, and holding what is left of the for the use and occupancy of the actual settler. At this late day, and in the face of President Cleveland's ringing declaration of the National policy upon that subject, the Republicans can hardly give that issue any prominence in their repertory. As to honesty and efficiency in the administration of public affairs, it is enough that the people have had two years' experience of sound Democratic government to contrast with as many decades of Republican corruption and misrule. The Republican State conventions will have to occupy themselves chiefly with the glorification of a Sherman or a Blaine, for, with the exception of some little by-play with the shirt and an interlude of juggling with the palsies, there is nothing else for them to do.—*N. Y. News.*

## SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

Wanted—Some one to inform John Sherman whether he will be nominated or not, and relieve him of the great pressure of uncertainty.—*Chicago Express.*

The Republican papers are very much displeased with the platform adopted by the Ohio Democrats. This is a sure sign that the Ohio Democrats are on the right road.—*St. Louis Republican.*

The American people have made up their minds that Mr. Blaine shall not be elected President of this Republic, and the party to which he belongs can either accept the verdict philosophically or continue to butt its head against the stone wall of defeat.—*N. Y. Freeman (Colored).*

Republican papers in Ohio accuse General Powell, the Democratic candidate for Governor, of riding on another man's thousand-mile railroad ticket. There must be a great poverty of plausible cries against him when this is the best that can be done by such talented liars as the Ohio Republicans.—*Chicago Times.*

Governor Foraker's reasons why the Republican party should be returned to power under the leadership of Jim Blaine have not met with general acceptance. On the contrary, there seems to be an impression that there are multifarious and Mulliganian reasons why he should not be returned to power.—*Chicago Herald.*

When two Southern cities like Montgomery and Birmingham compete for the privilege of receiving and sustaining a proposed negro college, it is a cue for the thoughtful Northern Republicans to pause and reflect over the party tenets regarding the alleged injustice to the race as practiced in the South.—*Macon Telegraph.*

Upon one of the badges used at the Ohio Republican convention at Toledo appeared the words: "Vim, Vigor and Victory." This should not be taken as an indication that the Republicans have forgotten Burchard and are again willing to pin their faith to alteration. It is rather a sign that they still base their ability to win upon their old-time readiness to use V's for votes.—*Utica Observer.*

A few weeks ago the President's critics were sneering at him for never venturing beyond Buffalo, and knowing nothing about the country he presides over. Now that he decided to travel and see it, they are accusing him of trying to "boom" his second term by "swinging around the circle." The next question at the debating societies should be: Whether a base-ball umpire would be happier as a President of the United States, or a President of the United States be happier as a base-ball umpire?—*Detroit Journal.*

Senator John Sherman has defiantly won the indorsement of the Republican State convention of his native State, Ohio, for the Presidential candidacy, through strong personal exertions, as evinced in the fact that he caused himself to be elected as a delegate, and by the hidden threat of otherwise ruining the prospects of his party in the coming State elections. It was the latter consideration, particularly, that impelled the Blaine men and Governor Foraker to drop their operations. But such a victory does not differ materially from a defeat.—*St. Louis Anzeiger des Westens.*

## IN THE FRIGID ZONE.

Instructional Details of a Visit to a Whaler to Spitzbergen.

At a meeting of the Berlin Geological Society Dr. Kuckenthal gave some interesting details of a visit on a whaler, the *Hvidfisker*, to Spitzbergen. The surface of the sea was often thickly covered with dirty green one-celled algae, in which lived a small rod crab, hunted by the fish as they wander from north to south. Arriving on the 13th of June at Spitzbergen, the fantastic forms of the snow-covered mountains in the magically red light of the midnight sun formed an enchanting contrast to the pure green sky, a tint caused by the reflection of the ice. Excursions to the interior proved that it consisted of one immense icy desert, but that it had long ages ago been a scene of great fertility, for there were found numerous petrifications, extensive beds of coal, etc. Where on the coast or among the hills, which are about five hundred to one thousand five hundred feet high, there are now only some mosses, grasses or other poor little plants during the short summer. The bare coast mountains are geologically remarkable. The steep precipices, like gigantic terraces, which frame in Advent Bay, continue in the same form to about one thousand feet below the surface of the water. The east part of the island is entirely blocked up by ice and is inaccessible, but the extreme seaward currents of the Gulf Stream in the west some times allow of a free approach, while in the north the sea is frequently free of ice in consequence of the north wind. Last century the ships of all nations repaired to Spitzbergen to fish; now that business is reduced to about thirty Norwegian boats. Among these the so-called "rat-cages" play the part of pariahs, for they take every thing with them that they find—birds' eggs, down, seals, reindeers, bears, and, above all, wreckage. The aristocracy is represented by the white whalers, with their very costly apparatus. Dr. Kuckenthal visited Sassen Bay and found that the maps of it and the neighborhood are very incorrect, and that the Norford is as broad again as the dimensions given on the maps. The Templeberg, on the Sassen Bay, affords a magnificent spectacle, with the varied colors of its black, brown, red and yellow rocks. The wooden hut erected on a point of land by Nordenskjöld in 1872 was found in a very untidy condition. Besides white whales, many fishermen angle for sharks, in waters free from ice, for the sake of the liver, which is very oily. From two hundred to three hundred fish pay for the trip. Great boldness is displayed in hunting seals and bears, which are often followed far into the ice. The *Hvidfisker* continued her hunting till the end of August, when the ice had already become dangerous. A bar of ice separated the ship from the open sea, and only the resolution of the captain, who ran and dragged his ship with great trouble through the blocks of ice, prevented it from being obliged to winter there with insufficient provisions.—*London Telegraph.*

## UTILIZING STRAW.

A Good Way of Converting It Into Manure for Immediate Use.

Passing through farming localities where winter wheat is raised one notes with surprise the amount of straw remaining in stacks from year to year. If fed to stock, and properly worked into manure, a marked improvement would result in the fertility and consequent productiveness of land where now to obtain satisfactory crops commercial fertilizers are resorted to. For working these large stacks into suitable condition for use as manure in the quickest possible time, it is of course essential that the farm be stocked with animals of the different kinds, and in numbers suited to its size. It has long been my practice to build, just previous to threshing, a yard or "stack-pen" of common fence rails, well staked and capped, in size calculated as near as may be for the quantity of straw. A stack built with the straw well laid over the rails, and finished with a good top, will be in condition to remain till the approach of cold weather.

Liberal supplies should then be placed before horses, sheep and cattle, that they may make selections of the best during the dry, and the remainder be used for bedding in stables, littering the yard and sheds in sufficient quantity to absorb all liquids, thus preventing the animals, particularly milch cows, becoming soiled and in the filthy condition often seen. A pen of fattening hogs can be so managed that by the close of the season a surprisingly large amount of valuable manure will result from frequent drafts on the strawstack, with leaves from the lawn, pea vines, etc. Straw stacked in this manner does not allow of stock helping themselves, but requires the stack to be cut down in sections, feeding daily, and as each section is finished contract the stack-pen and continue the process until the whole is fed, which should occur at or near the time of turning the stock to pasture. Thus straw is converted into manure for immediate use, yards left in readiness for another season, and no animals smothered beneath stacks undetermined.—*Irving D. Cook, in N. Y. Tribune.*

On a Governor street car yesterday. Young married man in forcible tones—"I tell you I am boss of my house, and what I say there goes." Passenger on next seat leans over and remarks: "Beg pardon; but is your wife at home?" Young married man, in less forcible tones: "No, she's in the country." Everybody in the car smiled out loud.—*Providence Journal.*

## FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Never put the sweepings of the room into the waste-paper basket.

A Nice Side Dish.—Mince fine some cold beef, or veal, stew five minutes and put boiled rice around the dish. Set in the oven to brown. Garnish with hard boiled eggs.

To bake eggs, break each egg into a cup and put the eggs on a buttered dish strewn with cracker crumbs; cover with seasoned crumbs, and bake until the crumbs are brown.

Graham Pudding.—Two cups of graham flour, one teaspoon saleratus, one cup molasses, half cup sliced citron. Steam three hours and serve with hard sauce.—*Christian Union.*

Delicious Breakfast Cake.—One egg, one cup milk, two cups flour, one and one-half tablespoonsful melted butter, one-half teaspoonful soda, one teaspoonful cream tartar, one teaspoonful sugar.—*Farm, Field and Stockman.*

No fact in the cheesemaker's art," says Prof. Arnold, "is better established than that cheese is best cured in an even temperature, and is always injured when it varies, and the wider the variations the greater the injury."

Fried Bread.—Cut the crust from slices of stale bread; dip each in a thin batter made of a cup of milk, two eggs, and a heaping tablespoonful of flour salted slightly and fry in lard to a yellow brown. Serve hot.—*Exchange.*

Gingerette.—One gallon of water, one pound of white sugar, one-half ounce of best ginger root, two sliced lemons, one-fourth ounce of cream tartar. Boil the ginger and lemon ten minutes in part of the water; dissolve the sugar and cream tartar in cold water, add one gill of good yeast. Let it stand over night and strain and bottle in the morning.—*Boston Budget.*

## NEW FANCY WORK.

Valuable Hints and Ideas for Ladies Fond of Making Pretty Things.

A new style of work for satin cushion covers is carried out entirely with the finest Japanese tinsel. The designs best adapted for this work are leaves of various kinds, which should be ironed off in the usual way. All the outlines, veins of leaves, stems, etc., are followed with tinsel carefully and flatly laid on, the general effect when finished being that of a group of gold skeleton waves. Spiders' webs also may be introduced among the leaves with good effect, and the work may be carried out with fine sewing silk if it is thought pleasant to work with that the gold. Nothing could look prettier or more uncommon than a handkerchief, glove, and night-dress sachet, all in suite, of cream-colored satin embroidered with these leaves, and lined and quilted with the palest, most delicate shade of pink or blue. These would make a pretty and elegant wedding gift to a young bride.

Some ladies are very clever at embroidering monograms and letters in the corners of their handkerchiefs, but for those who desire a wider scope for their energies I may recommend the new way of embroidering sheets. The top edge of the sheet, where it folds over the bed when it is made up, can be handsomely embroidered with white linen thread in satin stitch for about a foot or fourteen inches of its depth. The design should be a bold one, and color may be added if preferred to plain white. The embroidery should be as thick and as handsome as possible. This style of ornamentation will wear well and is more sensible than the sham sheets we have seen of late.

Floss silk embroidery is pretty and useful for a great variety of purposes, notably for panels fronts, waistcoats and cuffs of evening dresses. Care must be taken when commencing this style of work that the hands are perfectly smooth and not roughened by any kind of plain work, which is best laid aside till this is finished. The main advantage of floss silk is its tendency to wear rough, so that every care must be taken to keep it smooth as long as possible. Let the material chosen be either Chinese crepe, fine cashmere or nun's cloth, in any pretty, delicate color. Trace out a design as much like an Indian one as possible, and work it in long satin stitches, letting them lie against the material as flatly as possible. The stems must be worked in ordinary crewel stitch, but berries, centers of flowers and such designs must be worked in with satin stitch over a foundation of stitches, or a piece of cotton wool laid on first to serve as padding.

This work looks charming on flannel dressing gowns or jackets, while dainty little head flannels for infants may be worked in the same way, and will sell at a bazaar by dozens. White floss silk on pale blue or pink is pretty, and many would admire the effect of the white on dove color or fawn colored nun's cloth. If the work is intended to be made up as an evening dress, to follow the outlines after the embroidery is finished, with fine gold or silver tinsel is a very great improvement.

Embroidery on canvas of various kinds appears likely to remain in vogue for some time; but the canvas now in use is somewhat different to the material usually known under that name; neither is it entirely covered up under needlework, as it has hitherto been. The newer kinds are woven with a pattern as groundwork, often representing sprays of flowers or branches of trees and largely intermixed with tinsel. The embroidery only covers a part of it, and is frequently carried out with crewel or Berlin wool, which gives a raised and rich appearance. Much of this embroidery is worked with tapestry stitches, which are much more effective and quicker to execute than the now well worn cross stitch.—*N. Y. Herald.*